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# THE BARDSTOWN HERALD.

J. D. NOURSE, Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

J. L. W. ELLIS, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 20, 1853.

NO. 1.

## JOB-PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the first volume of the Herald, made several very necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to get up our work in a style that can not fail to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, BALL TICKETS, BILLS, POSTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.

will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with black, blue, or red ink, on short notice. We are determined to use all means within our power to please those who favor us with their patronage.

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Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing not exceeding once in three weeks.

We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements. Instead of trying for hours to lower our prices, the Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons; we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let Printers live.

The Herald has an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

## CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office-rent, &c., &c. We would not expect to be paid for our paper as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.

For all transient Job Work and Advertising, the money must be paid when the work is done—this rule is without exception.

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## THE FOREST KNIGHTS

OR

### Early Times in Kentucky.

BY J. D. NOURSE.

## INTRODUCTION.

The birth of a new commonwealth has got to be so common a thing in America, that the impression it makes upon the minds of most persons, by no means corresponds with the real importance of the transaction. A number of people get tired of the old States,—sell out most of their property, pack up such of their goods and chattels as they can carry with them and put them, together with their wives and children into waggons; then trudge off, driving their stock before them, into the wilderness, where they build cabins, cut down the woods or break up the turf of the prairies with half a dozen yoke of oxen to a single plow,—erect churches and school-houses, and the first thing we know Congress has put the new community into the swaddling bands of a territorial government, to be soon exchanged for the more dignified habiliments of an independent State of the confederacy. Of late even the territorial stage has been dispensed with, for one marvellous young State on our Pacific border, has sprung forth at once, like Pallas issuing from the brain of Jove, fully armed and equipped in a panoply of gold.

If we look back to the beginning of this wonderful progress we shall find an illustration of the truth, that a movement, which, when fairly under weigh, may go forward with ease and constantly accelerated speed, in its earlier stages may have involved great difficulty, hardship and suffering. Obstacles, which have been once overcome, never again present the same formidable aspect, and every fresh triumph, while it diminishes the opposing forces, augments the resources and increases the confidence of the victors. Those who now see the car of republican empire rolling on triumphantly towards the West, can with difficulty appreciate the severe struggles by which that car, laden with such mighty destinies, was at first set in motion. Thus, for example, the settlement of Kentucky, the first born of the American republic, west of the Appalachian mountains, was a very different affair from the settlement of Iowa, or Minnesota. The first scions of the Anglo-Norman civilization, which took lasting root in the great valley of the Mississippi, the destined theatre of its mightiest expansion, were planted amidst storms and watered with tears and blood. The pioneers of Kentucky plunged into an unknown wilderness, over which brooded undefined and mysterious terrors. They cut themselves off entirely from the succor and sympathy of civilized society. The States or rather colonies on the Atlantic, just emerging from the chrysalis or chipping the egg shell, to use a more homely figure, and engaged in a desperate struggle with the whole formidable power of the mother country, were entirely engrossed by their own dangers and difficulties. The infant republic, while its very existence was doubtful, could not follow its daring sons and daughters into the wilderness of Kentucky, and spread over them, as it now does over the emigrants to its new territories, the shield of its power and majesty. It did not even know where they were, or what they were about. Little did the

men, who were fighting for the independence of the thirteen colonies, on the plains of Long Island and the banks of the Brandywine, imagine that beyond the blue mountains, which bounded their hopes and prospects, a few adventurers were at that very time running the lines and laying the foundations of an empire.

The foes, too, encountered by the early settlers of Kentucky, were very different from the poor Indians of the present day, cowed as they now are by repeated disasters, debased by the worst vices, without any of the compensating advantages of civilization, and withering away before a terrible and inevitable destiny. They were then fierce, proud and powerful—exulting in the possession of a wide and beautiful domain—treading the deer track or the war path through the forests freely and fearlessly, like McGregor, "with his foot upon his native heath," and ready to inflict the most ferocious vengeance upon those white men who were bold enough to intrude upon their wild possessions.

Many things conspired to make the settlement of Kentucky an era in the progress of American civilization. From its peculiar circumstances and manifold perils and difficulties, it may be justly regarded as the decisive struggle between the Anglo-Saxon and aboriginal races, in other words, between civilization and barbarism. The country now called Kentucky had never been owned or occupied exclusively by any one nation of Indians. On account of the extraordinary abundance of the game with which its forests were tenanted, it was held in common by the Northern and Southern tribes, and of course was highly prized by both as furnishing them with the means of subsistence. In the autumn, when the leaves of the maple began to turn yellow, and the filars of the spider to run from one twig to another of the undergrowth, the sky grew hazy and the sun began to look red and lurid through the dusky air, filled as it was with smoke from the fires, kindled in the forests and prairies by the Indian hunters, who might then be seen, singly or in small bands, stalking like spectres, with swift but noiseless tread through the deep woods, gliding in the bark canoe over the broad and flashing surface of the wilderness river, or stealing along in the leafy cove under bending boughs almost dipping in the water, or waiting patiently with arrow on the string behind some standing or fallen tree near the places to which the deer and buffalo were known to resort. On account of the depth of its forest shades and the frequency of bloody combats between the roving bands during the hunting season, the beautiful region between the Ohio and the Cumberland mountains received from the Aborigines a name signifying the dark and bloody ground.

Nothing could have leagued more effectually all the most formidable tribes of the West, in a ferocious and exterminating warfare with the whites, than the inroad of the latter upon the common and highly prized hunting ground, where both the terrible Shawanese of the Wabash and the less warlike, but more numerous, Cherokees and Creeks of the South, were accustomed to procure their winter provisions. The settlers of Kentucky were thus brought into collision with the whole power of the Western barbarians at a time when that power was yet unbroken by the diseases and vices introduced by their civilized neighbors, and that too when the British, being engaged in the effort to subjugate the rebellious colonies, did not scruple to encourage the aborigines, and supply them with arms and ammunition, and even on some occasions aid and direct, with the disciplined valor of British soldiers and the military science of British officers, the ferocious warfare of savages upon their own kinsmen in Kentucky. In the face of this combination, the fearless and hardy backwoodsmen, after passing through scenes of privation, suffering and terror, scarcely paralleled in history, succeeded in wresting from barbarism a region of unsurpassed beauty and fertility, and then crossing the Ohio in pursuit of their savage enemies, conquered the country northwest of that river, now forming the great and flourishing States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and thus gave a decisive impulse to that westward progress of the Anglo-Americans, which has already reached the Pacific, and girdled the continent with a wide belt of light and liberty and christian civilization.

But it was not alone or even chiefly by the physical prowess of her sons, that Kentucky has played so important a part in the history of the Mississippi valley and of the nation at large. Her intellectual and moral influence has been equally extensive and powerful. She has been, almost to as great an extent as Virginia herself, "the mother of States and of Statesmen." It has been ascertained that Kentucky has furnished no less than twenty-one of the chief magistrates of other young commonwealths and territories in the great valley of the West, and what is of still greater importance a very respectable and powerful ingredient in the mass of their populations consists of emigrants from Ken-

tucky. She has also given to the nation a large number of its most eminent jurists, legislators, popular orators and religious teachers.

It is a great mistake to suppose as many do in the older States and in Europe, that all, or nearly all, of the early emigrants to Kentucky were rude and ignorant men.—On the contrary many of them possessed, not only great natural sagacity, but no small share of mental discipline, while the circumstances that surrounded them tended to foster originality of thought and expression. There were bold and independent thinkers upon the problems of society, among the early settlers of the West. They left Virginia and other eastern colonies, about the time that those communities were passing out of the chrysalis of the colonial condition, and the necessity imposed upon the founders of a new commonwealth in the wilderness, of adapting the old Anglo-Saxon institutions to a state of things different from colonial pupillage, gave them a turn for the philosophy of government and society which they have ever since retained. There was scarcely any part of the world in which the questions involved in the French Revolution of 1789 excited greater interest or more vehement discussion than in Kentucky. There were able debates between Jacobins and conservatives in log cabins on the very edge of unbroken forests. It was while the savage was still prowling round her courts of justice and her legislative assemblies, that Kentucky took the initiative in that great political movement which overthrew the elder Adams, crushed Federalism, and gave the ascendancy to those political doctrines which have ever since been the recognized symbol of a powerful party in the nation.

If any reader should look upon the foregoing remarks as a specimen of that tall bragging for which Kentucky is famous, he will stand corrected by the very first chapter of the following narrative. The first settlers of Kentucky were of course natives of older communities, to which we must go to find the sources of all that is of durable interest in her history, yet the fact that the circumstances of the young commonwealth were such, that she had but little attraction for any except the most daring, adventurous and original spirits, has doubtless left its impress upon her character and career.

## CHAPTER I.

Henry Shelburne, a native of England, settled in South Carolina, before the revolutionary war, and married a lady, of some wealth, descended of one of those Huguenot families, who had been driven out of France by religious persecution, in the early part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Mr. Shelburne resided in Charleston, where he was engaged in commercial pursuits, but usually spent a portion of the year on his plantation, situated on one of those beautiful bays that indent the coast of Carolina. He had but one child, a daughter, whom he sent to England at an early age, to be educated under the care of his relatives in that country. When the war broke out between England and her colonies, Mary Shelburne was inhaling health and vigor from the Atlantic breezes at the country seat of her uncle among the romantic hills of Devonshire, in the midst of a neighborhood which afforded her all the advantages of a refined and hospitable society. Though her uncle's family belonged to the gentry of the county, the habits of Mary and her young female cousins and companions were far more active and of course more favorable to health, bloom and cheerfulness than those of most American young ladies. The instructions of the accomplished teachers, employed by her uncle for the benefit of his large family, left her time enough to take a great deal of exercise by rambling over the hills on foot or on horseback, boating or sailing on the little bay, the opening of which into the broad Atlantic could be seen from an elevated part of her uncle's grounds, or when the weather was very bad, by romping, and such indoor pastimes as the ingenuity of herself and her young companions could devise.

Mary was about sixteen, when her peaceful and happy life was disturbed by the first thunders of that great revolution, by which her nearest and dearest friends on either side of the Atlantic, from being united under the rule of one powerful empire, were suddenly converted into subjects and citizens respectively of an ancient monarchy and a young republic. The same packet which brought to her the news of the battle of Lexington, brought also a letter from her father, expressing the confident expectation that the British arms would soon put an end to the contest by crushing the rebellious colonists. Mary soon found that this confidence was shared by her uncle, and his family, and the neighboring gentry who were in the habit of visiting at the house, for none of them seemed to entertain the slightest doubt of the speedy and ridiculous failure of what they termed an unnatural rebellion; so hard is it for even sensible and accomplished people to read

aright the signs of their own times. They are too near them to see anything but the commonplace details; like poor insects hovering over some little eddy in the Mississippi of ages, they see little beside the specks and dirt of a few square inches of the surface.

But Mary loved her native land, all the more from frequently hearing it spoken of with a contempt which she knew to be unjust, and her love made her see farther and deeper into the matter than her English friends, though some of them were greatly her superiors in information and experience. When her relatives and associates ridiculed the notion of the rebel Americans resisting the power of Britain, her eye would flash and her form dilate as she threw back the taunts upon her country's supposed inferiority. On one occasion a large party of the neighboring gentry was assembled at her uncle's hospitable mansion. In the course of the evening the late news from America became the subject of conversation, and the remarks of some of the company who had drunk enough wine at dinner to develop their native rudeness and insolence, were so offensive to Mary, that she ran out of the house to conceal her tears, and calm her perturbation in presence of that majesty of earth and sky and ocean, which she loved with all the ardor of a poetic nature. She walked on through woods and copses with which she had become perfectly familiar in former rambles, until she reached the top of a hill which overlooked the sea. The sun was just dipping behind the crest of the Atlantic brine, and sending back his farewell beam over the glowing waters, from under the lifted edges of the evening clouds which he painted with crimson, gold and purple. As the imagination of Mary followed the glorious luminary across the wide rolling ocean, the thought occurred to her that at that very moment he might be flinging the ruddy morn, or pouring his noontide splendors upon the hills and forests of the new world, and blazing upon the arched of embattled hosts in fields of blood, where her friends and countrymen might be sinking in death or exulting in victory. Raising her eyes to heaven she prayed that the bright orb which had gone to pursue his radiant journey over the green and lovely land of her birth, might never set upon its ruin and disgrace. On her return to the house about dusk, she found to her no small exultation that the minds of those who had sneered most contemptuously at the American rebellion had undergone a great change. The post had arrived with letters and papers which brought to that secluded quarter of the country the news of the battle of Bunker's hill, which was already ringing thro' England and waking up the ministry and the people from their self-complacent dream of irresistible superiority.

Not many months afterwards came the intelligence of the repulse of a British fleet at Sullivan's Island, within sight of her own home. How Mary longed to be there, that she might assist to bind up the wounds and cheer the hearts of the heroes who were bleeding for her country's liberty. But her father, who she could see, from the tone of his letters, still cherished the hope that the mother country would soon subdue her rebellious children, forbade her to think of returning home until the conclusion of hostilities. In the letters of her mother, Mary thought she saw evidences of a severe struggle between the love of her child and love of her country on the one hand, and deference to her husband's wishes and opinions on the other.

Mary's English friends, though of course unable to sympathize with her in the feelings with which she watched the great struggle between the land of her fathers and the land of her birth, were as kind as ever, and spared no pains in putting the last finish to her education. Her splendid beauty, varied accomplishments and graceful manners were the pride of her relatives and the admiration of the whole neighborhood. She had the dark hair and eyes of her mother; her complexion was rich with the bloom of robust health; and though her form, to people who admire waists like wasps, might have seemed rather too luxuriant in its rounded proportions, every movement was grace itself, and her manners, as well as the expression of her radiant countenance, gave unmistakable tokens of high breeding and refined intellect.

Some time after South Carolina had become the seat of war, Mary's uncle received a letter from her father, of which the following passage will throw some light upon the subsequent narrative:

"You have heard, I suppose, that Charleston has been taken, the rebel forces crushed, and the whole State reduced to submission. The only disturbance is created by bands of ruffians, who plunder and murder his majesty's loyal subjects, whenever they can do so without danger to themselves. This is seldom the case now, however, as Colonel Tarleton, who is the terror of the rebels, is scouring the country with his dragoons, and will soon put an end to the outrages. I have had some difficulty in preventing my overseer, John Marston, who is from that hot-bed of re-

bellion, the upper part of North Carolina, from joining the rebels, which would have been unfortunate, not only for himself but for me, for since he has been in my employment, he has pleased me so much that I do not know how I could part with him. His son William, who has somehow or other added to his backwoods accomplishments the ideas and manners of a gentleman, which one would imagine, are not so easily picked up among the mountains of North Carolina, has, I am sorry to say, for I had got to like the fellow, joined one of those gangs of assassins and plunderers that are prowling about the country. It is sad that men, otherwise worthy of esteem, should be so perverted by the foolish and wicked notions now unhappily prevalent in the colonies, as to be guilty of the most reprehensible conduct unpretending to fighting for liberty. A few nights ago a gang of rebels entered the plantation of Mr. Nixon, on the Santee, compelled him to give them a good supper, and after various displays of insolence, inflamed by the wine which they drank at this expense, showed their gratitude by driving off a part of his cattle. As hostilities, however, are virtually at an end, I have written to Mary that she may come home if she wishes, in company with Mrs. Kingwood, the lady of a British officer at Charleston, who is coming out shortly to join her husband."

By the same post Mary, besides the letter from her father alluded to in the above, received one from her mother, giving rather a different view of the state of affairs, for she, like her daughter, was anxious for the success of her countrymen in their struggle for independence. She expressed so strong a desire to see and embrace her darling child, that Mary, after shedding tears over those glowing words of maternal tenderness, so different from the business-like style of her father, determined to avail herself of the opportunity mentioned by her mother of returning to the home from which she had been nearly five years absent. In the summer of 1780 she took leave of her uncle and his family, and embarked in a small vessel bound for Charleston, in company with Mrs. Kingwood and her brother. After a speedy and pleasant voyage, unmarked by any important incident, they found themselves near the coast of Carolina in the latter part of August.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAISE LAW BY HORSE POWER.—A story is told of a trick played in a neighboring town, (of Massachusetts,) by some extremely thirsty individuals, for securing a drink. The object of the trick was to get some liquor out of the town agent, and it was highly successful. They procured an old horse and "stood him" in a barn. One of the number went to the town agent's premises, and, he being absent, a "piat of gin for a sick horse" was procured of his wife. This amount was soon exhausted, and the horse grew worse. Another pint was procured, the horse being "very sick" indeed. The horse grew worse again, and a quart was wanted. When this was gone after, the agent had returned. He dealt out the quart, and went to see it administered. The thirsty individuals saw him coming, and, learned of his approach, and fell to rubbing the poor horse most powerfully. Finally it was decided to take the liquor to an apothecary, to have some drugs put into it, as it had done no good thus far, and the individual conveying the treasure made his way to another barn, to which, one after another, the company followed him, the agent at last being left nearly alone. After that gentleman had been led through various adventures, the consciousness dawned upon him that he had been humbugged, and he made his way home. The horse recovered, and the doctors all had the head-ache the next day.—*Springfield Republican.*

WHIGS AS ARE WHIGS.—When men speak of Whigs—meaning whigs that are whigs, in storm or sunshine, in victory or defeat—Whigs dyed in wool—Whigs all over, from heel tap to castor, "boots breeches and buttons"—the mind instinctively recurs to the gallant men of Kentucky and Tennessee. There is nothing of the "rat" nature in them, they do not shrink or attempt to desert; their ship, even if they find themselves over-matched and sinking, but go down, every man at stations, with their glorious skulls flying. There is no mean and skulking denial with them of the honored and glorious name of Whig, or of its true, patriotic principles, because through them they cannot secure the miserable spoils of office. They deem the cause and its principles, as did Henry Clay, of a more lofty nature. Let us, in this time of perfidy and betrayal, look to their gallant example—let us take no counsel from those whose only principles are the lust of spoils and power, and who fashion their action only to secure them. Such are not whigs. Let the Southern whigs, if they are to be overwhelmed by the tide of defection which has overwhelmed and thrown down their defences for the entrance of the enemy, look to their gallant comrades of Kentucky and Tennessee, and if we go down we must let them (in the language of Clay in 1812) "lash themselves to those gallant tars and go down with colors flying."—*Mont. (Ala) Journal.*

From the New York Herald.

## The St. Nicholas Hotel—Opening of the Establishment.

The inspection of this vast and elegant establishment, by our leading citizens, as well as the most distinguished American and foreign travellers now in New York, continued up to a late hour on Tuesday night. The admiration of the visitors was conveyed to their friends in such enthusiastic terms that a widely extended furor was communicated through the upper circle of society for all to go see the hotel. The consequence was, that the house was crowded yesterday, from morning until night, and the usual urbanity of Messrs. Treadwell, Acker & Co., prevailing over their wish for one day's retirement, they continued to escort the visitors as upon the previous evening. Madame Albouy was in the house during the day, and expressed herself delighted with its appearance of grandeur and comfort. We have before given a full description of the building; and our notice in Wednesday morning's paper, conveyed a very correct idea of the dazzling impression produced by the finished whole. The opening of the establishment to-day will constitute a remarkable era in the history of American hotels; for we may now assert that no capital in Europe contains one combining such architectural arrangement, such a style of artistic finish, such a variety of design, of solid furniture, with such gorgeous drapery, as the Saint Nicholas. This harmonious union is the result of a resolution made by the proprietors at the commencement, which was to entrust the furnishing of, and furniture making for the house, to a very few persons of known taste and judgement. Thus, the choosing and supplying of all the beds, mattresses, bed and house linen, carpets, gorgeous window curtains and drapery, with the gold brocade damask furniture covering was entrusted to one person on Broadway, whilst the designing of the varied styles of furniture, with the making and placing of it in a proper position in each room, was given to another firm. Agents proceeded to Europe in execution of their commission, and having visited England and the Continent, returned with every article manufactured expressly for the Saint Nicholas; and with most of them of a design, fabric, and texture rarely met with in the aristocratic mansions of the Old World and never before seen in the richest private residences of the New. In addition to our former notices very little can be said. The house can accommodate five hundred guests. The beds have a patent spring mattress under each, and are furnished with two pillows and a bolster, the pillows being ruffled and crimped with fine linen cambric. This arrangement pervades every room. Of these we can speak only of a few. The one most thronged with visitors yesterday was

## THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

Upon opening the door of this room the effect produced is almost overpowering. The bed stands in the centre of the floor, upon a cushion of white satin, which projects at each side and at the foot and head. The sides and posts, with scrolled foot and head boards, are of burnished gold. From each post the drapery of white satin, lined with Brussels lace tapers upward inward towards the lofty ceilings, where the four curtains are united by a square canopy of burnished gold. From each corner of this canopy a gilt ornamental scroll springs out, sustaining a chandelier. Each chandelier will display twenty lights. The bed is covered with the richest satin Brussels lace. The curtains are looped at intervals, and confined around the bedposts with broad rosettes of white satin, to which heavy tassels of silken cord are suspended. The room is covered with a carpet of the richest velvet Axminster. The toilet and room furniture is in perfect keeping with the bed and drapery; there is one arm chair covered with brocade gold cloth, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and scarcely seen before in America. The value of this cloth is from \$45 to \$50 per yard. The walls of the room are covered with over one thousand yards of fluted white satin of great value, whilst a pier glass and mantle mirror, of extraordinary lustre, light up the fairy bower. A dressing room, parlor, and bath room complete this suite. The window hangings are of satin brocade damask, interwoven with threads of gold. In

## THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

The window curtains and furniture covering are of brocade satin damask, whilst the bed is covered with a gold satin damask embroidered counterpane, which cost \$250.

## THE LADIES' PARLOR.

is covered with a rich medallion Axminster carpet, with window curtains and furniture covering of gold colored brocade satin damask, interwoven with bouquets of flowers. The curtains upon each window of this room are valued at from \$700 to \$800. The room is furnished with a grand piano, made for the World's Fair Exhibition, and valued at \$1,500. This is enveloped with a very rare and rich India damask embroidered cover. The tete-a-tete lounges and furniture of this room are valued at \$2,000. In many of the rooms leading from this parlor, the furniture is draped in the Louis Quatorze style—satin and gold, embroidered with various colors. In the

## RECEPTION ROOMS.

the windows are hung with green brocade damask embroidered with gold, and the drapery of each cost \$1,000.

## THE GRAND DINING ROOM.

is lighted with three magnificent chandeliers and twenty-four brilliant side

lights (each with two lamps) projecting from the graceful pillars. The frescoed ceiling is twenty-two feet high.—The extension dining tables are of polished walnut, and the rosewood spring chairs are covered with crimson velvet.

## THE TEA ROOM.

is covered with velvet carpet, of the richest description. The chair covers and window curtains are of brocade satin, with a blue ground, upon which designs in various colors are interwoven. The room contains two very elegant rosewood etageres, and eight very large pier glasses and mantel mirrors. The tea service is of silver.

## THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB ROOM.

is in exact conformity with the remainder of the house for style and elegance.

The wide and well ventilated promenade halls, upon the first and second floors, are carpeted with velvet, and the windows draped with heavy satin damask. Of the suites of rooms for families, we have spoken before; each differs from the other in arrangement and style; indeed, through the entire building there are no two rooms alike, and yet each is perfect in itself in beauty and chaste elegance. The chandeliers of the building are of designs entirely new. The plate glass was from a Belgian manufactory. The spirit which designed, and the genius, taste, and ability displayed by all concerned with the St. Nicholas, Messrs. Treadwell, Acker & Co., downward, have a brilliant reward in the opening of one of, if not the finest hotel in the world.

The hotel communication is conducted by the "electro-magnetic" annunciator, by Mr. Norton, of 177 Broadway, in this city. With this apparatus the work is done by electricity, the wire remaining stationary thus removing the great delays and difficulties which arise from stretching and breaking in the old system. The working of this machinery attracted much attention. It is now being introduced into all the palace Hotels finished within the last year.

## THE STABLES.

The stables are supplied at present with a stud of thirty elegantly matched brown and bay horses of fine blood, and excellent training. The grooms and drivers engaged, with the many fine carriages supplied, promise that travellers will arrive there with a comfort only to be equaled by that which awaits them inside.

## A Clergyman.

An old and valuable subscriber, has sent us a certificate from one of his Parishioners, which he wishes published for the benefit of his neighbors, and the community at large. It states on authority that needs no confirmation, the particulars of a remarkable cure from Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, an article we have already taken occasion to notice, and which we have reason to believe is worth notice. This sufferer had been reduced very low from the effects of a Cold and Cough, caused by over exertion at a fire, nearly three years since, and from which it was evident to his friends, that he was fast hastening to a premature grave. Many of the remedies of the day and the advice of eminent Physicians had all failed to afford him relief, when he was induced to try the Cherry Pectoral, which soon cured him. The crowded state of our columns will not admit the full particulars, but we earnestly invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another part of our paper.—*Christian Chronicle.*

In calling attention to Dr. Guy-sott's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, we feel confident that we are doing a service to all who may be afflicted with Scrofulous and other disorders originating in hereditary taint or from impurity of the blood.

We have known instances within the sphere of our acquaintance where the most formidable distempers have been cured by the use of Guy-sott's Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla alone. It is one of the few advertised medicines that cannot be stigmatized with quackery, for the "Yellow Dock" and the "Sarsaparilla" are well known to be the most efficient, (and at the same time innoxious) agents the whole Materia Medica, and by far the best and purest preparation of them is Dr. Guy-sott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. See advertisement.

## POISONING.

Thousands of Parents who use Vermifuge composed of Castor oil, Calomel, &c., are not aware, that while they appear to benefit the patient, they are actually laying the foundations for a series of diseases, such as salivation, loss of sight, weakness of limbs, &c.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Hobensack's Medicines to which we ask the attention of all directly interested in their own as well as their Children's health. In Liver Complaints and all disorders arising from those of a bilious type, should make use of the only genuine medicine, Hobensack's Liver Pills:

"Be not deceived," but ask for Hobensack's Worm Syrup and Liver Pills, and observe that each has the signature of the proprietor, J. N. Hobensack, as none else are genuine.



WM. JOHNSON.







